

Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.
R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.
M. M. MURDOCK & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

All letters pertaining to the business of the printing department, and all communications, or for advertising, should be addressed to the business manager, or to the publisher, at the office of the Eagle, at the corner of the 10th and 11th streets, in the city of Wichita, Kansas. The only daily paper in the city of Wichita, Kansas, and the only one published in the city of Wichita, Kansas, and the only one published in the city of Wichita, Kansas.

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ADVERTISING.
Our rates of advertising shall be as low as those of any other paper of equal value in the city of Wichita, Kansas. All advertising matter should be sent to the business manager, or to the publisher, at the office of the Eagle, at the corner of the 10th and 11th streets, in the city of Wichita, Kansas.

STAMPS FOR SALE AT THE COUNTESS ROOM.
Mr. Peter Martin is spending Christmas with his family, on Ohio avenue.

Will Carlie of Topeka will spend Christmas with his brother George Carlie.

The postoffice will be open tomorrow between the hours of 9:30 and 10:30 a. m.

J. P. Parkhurst has moved into his new home on University avenue, West Side.

Judge Sless has arrived from New Mexico to spend the holidays with his family.

Mrs. W. C. G. M. yesterday for Perry on a visit to her husband. She will return Tuesday evening.

Read the advertisement on page one of today's EAGLE about our second magnificent gift to our readers.

Fresh bread to those desiring it daily at the rooms of the Humane society on the ground floor of the court house.

The Woman's Relief Corps distributed provisions to about twenty families of ex-soldiers yesterday for Christmas dinner.

At the charity concert Frank Rich will receive something entirely new to our people. Mr. Rich will have charge of the stage that evening.

Dr. Jennings of St. Louis will arrive in the city today and will remain until after the holidays. The doctor's many friends will be glad to meet him.

In another column is given the menu of the inviting Christmas dinner which the Metropole will serve from 1 o'clock to 2:30 o'clock p. m. Christmas.

Dr. Hoss' entertainment last evening brought in a nice little sum for the Humane society, for which the society renders a grateful acknowledgment.

Henry Switzer, the closest observer of weather in this part of the city, has said the most reliable prognosticator, remarked yesterday that it is very dry.

The management of the Carey has taken special pains to make their Christmas dinner beyond compare. It will be served from 5:30 o'clock p. m. to 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Read the advertisement on page one of today's EAGLE about our second magnificent gift to our readers.

J. O. Talbert, who has been confined to the Wichita hospital for six weeks with typhoid fever is convalescing, and in a few days will be able to return to his home in Denver.

Judge Reed returned Friday night from a jaunt of recreation as far south as Dallas. He enjoyed the trip very much, and feels refreshed as a result. He held court yesterday.

The Sons of Herman will celebrate Christmas on Monday evening by having a Christmas tree, entertainment and ball in their hall in the Getto building. Germans are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Hills, Mr. Charles A. Bright and Miss Olive Bright, of End, O. T., formerly of Wichita, are spending the holidays with Mrs. J. G. Bright, at 317 North Main street.

Any one who gives Christmas gifts this year except to children fails of appreciating the meaning of the exuberance of a Democratic administration or what free trade really means.

A mature young man of 11 years, passing the fish market yesterday afternoon, and spying a couple of lobsters exposed for sale, exclaimed: "Oh, papa, see the rawlards." Papa smiled.

Blood Poisoning
Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Elgin, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 75 pounds, and saw life in prospect of help. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
and now a well woman. I weigh 125 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

CALLING FOR CASH

SUING THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE FOR HAKK HIRE

F. R. Stone Says They Owe Him and That He Must Have His Money. Ugly Hints Thrown Out That Crookedness Existed in the Committee.

"I want my money." That is what F. R. Stone has been telling the Democratic county central committee for some time. Yesterday he became tired of asking them for what was his due and sued 'em. F. R. Stone is a lively man, and at the last election furnished \$16 worth of teams to haul "good and true" fusionists to the polls in carriages.

The Populists are not made joint defendants, which is strange, as the carriages were as much for their benefit as for the Democrats. This makes the Democrats hot. They think that if that amount is really due, the Populists ought to be sued with them. The fact is, the Democrats are not going to pay the bill, any way. They are in the soup and have no money. And, by the way, there is a murmuring of discontent in the committee. Some of them say that there was enough money in the treasury to pay everybody, but that somebody got away with it. They not only say that there was enough money on hand to pay all bills, but that there was surplus enough to buy a few kegs of beer for the ratification. By some legends all this disposes of the matter and the result is that some ugly charges are made against certain members of the committee.

The boys who have been sued are going to take advantage of the Douglas election law. They are going to resist the suit on the ground that they could not legally hire carriages to bring people to the polls, for the reason that that would be influencing votes, and therefore Mr. Stone has no right to collect a claim of that kind, for the reason that such a claim is illegal. Again, they will try to make Mr. Stone show that he furnished value received for the \$16. In other words, they are going to make him give the names of the persons to whom he took the polls at 25 cents each, the legal rate under the ordinance, and, of course, this will be a hard thing for Mr. Stone to do. Then they are going to make him show how many of them were Democrats, as they hold that they are liable only for the hauling of Democrats, and of course, this will be impossible for Mr. Stone to do as it was a very hard matter for even the committee to tell who were, and who were not Democrats at last fall's election.

The suit has been brought in Justice Tucker's court and there will be some lively and sensational evidence introduced when the case will be tried.

THE BIGGEST THING OF THE SEASON

A Prospective Thousand Dollars Promised for the Poor.

The hearts of the people are in it. There are gentlemen who have voluntarily paid as much as five dollars for a single seat, and hundreds of tickets besides have been sold for the grand charity concert. At least one thousand additional tickets should be bought. It will be a brilliant assemblage and a delightful entertainment. Many express the hope that the opera house will be fuller than ever in its history, and others say that they do not doubt it. It is already certain that the parquet, family circle and the balcony and boxes will all be filled. The gallery will hold hundreds more, and there will be no hoodlums permitted up there. Next Friday night is the time and the singers, players, actors and speakers are all up in their parts. From the time the curtain goes up until the close of Meyerbeer's Huguenot grand concert march every minute will be crowded with music and pastimes. As soon as the curtain falls, the program will be rushed on. Every cent paid in was a very hard matter for even the committee to tell who were, and who were not Democrats at last fall's election.

PROGRAM.

1. Operatic Selection—"Pirates of Penzance"—Shaw's Orchestra.
2. Address—H. L. Gordon.
3. Piano Solo—"Scherzo Op. 30"—Beethoven.
4. Vocal Solo—"Come buy my Flowers"—Mrs. Malvina Waides.
5. Recitation—"Song of the Ophel Street"—Mrs. George H. H. Parker.
6. Vocal Solo—"The Foggy Bell"—Mrs. George H. H. Parker.
7. Violin Solo—"B. Resignation"—B. C. Fancouler.
8. Vocal Solo—"Sweet Flowers Farewell"—Miss N. H. Anderson.
9. Trio—"Mandolin, Guitar, Piano"—Barker.
10. Vocal Solo—"The Foggy Bell"—Mrs. George H. H. Parker.
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PART SECOND.

1. Song—"Pretty as a Pink"—Misses Goldberg.
2. Piano Solo—"The Foggy Bell"—Mrs. George H. H. Parker.
3. Vocal Solo—"The Foggy Bell"—Mrs. George H. H. Parker.
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MASSON SERVICE.

Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at their assembly, the Massons of the city will celebrate a ritualistic Christmas service. Throughout the United States, at the same hour, in every town where there is a Masonic lodge, this service will be held. Toasts have been prepared by the head of the fraternity and forwarded to all points, and responses will be made to these at the same hour. It will be of exceeding interest to all Massons.

HE COULD NOT ROUSE THEM.

One of Postmaster Jewett's Men 1 Carriers has a Queer Experience.

"Hey! Hello! Say! Rate! Whoop!" These sounds erupted in a rasping cry from one of Postmaster Jewett's mail carriers yesterday.

He was standing on the porch of a house near the corner of University avenue and Seneca street. Again he discharged his lungs to the following effect:

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Heavens and earth, wake up, somebody!" This was directed at an upper window. There was no response. The mail carrier then made a vicious attack on the doorbell and almost pulled the side of the house out. This did no good.

"Well, I'll be eternally dumfounded! If this isn't a cold dead!" Then he yanked the door bell again. "Say," said a man who had been watching the carrier's anger with the street, "that's the man with you, anyway?" "I've got a letter for this number."

"No words about it. I can't get anybody to answer. I've been trying every day for a week. They must be deaf!" "They are." "What?" "Yes—and dumb."

"Good!" cried the astonished carrier, dropping his sack. "You don't mean it?" "Yes I do. They are four deaf mutes who live here together. They moved."

But the carrier had grabbed his sack and fled around the corner.

SHE WENT SCALDING TEARS.

One Catstrophs Which Nearly Broke up a Wichita Household.

A recently married young gentleman in Wichita who lives on North Topeka avenue picked up a friend on Douglas avenue Friday last and took him home to lunch without notice, as his wife.

When he reached home, the Wichita wife was of course distressed. She called him to one side and explained that there were only a dozen raw oysters, and when their guest had eaten his quota of four, he must not be asked to take more. This the Wichita man promised to remember.

He was a good husband, too. When their guest had eaten his four oysters the husband asked him to take some more.

The wife looked distressed and the guest declined.

The husband insisted that his friend should have more. The wife glared and looked as if she were in agony, and the guest firmly refused to allow the rest of the oysters to be brought from the kitchen.

Later the wife said to her husband: "How could you urge him to have more oysters when I explained to you that there weren't any more?" "I am very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?" retorted his wife. "But you didn't kick me!" said her husband.

ARRESTED A LOCOMOTIVE.

Deputy Sheriff Williams Attached a Santa Fe Switch Engine.

"How do you attach that darn thing?" said Deputy Sheriff Jim Williams to an engineer on the Santa Fe road yesterday. "Attach what darn thing?" asked the engineer.

"Why, that engine you are riding on," said Mr. Williams. "Oh," said the engineer, "that's easy enough. We run back to whatever we want it attached to, a switchman jumps out, puts in a coupling pin, and we are attached."

"You are talking through your hat," said Mr. Williams. "I want to know how you can attach it by law."

IT ENDED IN DEATH

WARD BRIGGS DIED LAST NIGHT IN GREAT AGONY AND PAIN.

It Took Four Men to Hold Him During the Last Hours—He Thought Somebody was Going to Strangle Him—Relatives Were Present at the End.

He died in agony. Ward Briggs is dead. The scene in room 13 of the Zimmerly block was a sad one last night. Christmas night, too, or practically that. A food taster stood over the form of a dying son; a sister in the tender years of youth stood over the body of a dying brother as his soul took its flight to the unknown beyond. A father and a son, in tears, reclined over a bed filled with misery, tears dropping from their eyes at the sight of a son and a brother who is summoned before the judgment seat of his Maker.

Ward Briggs, who cut his throat last Wednesday, died at 9:30 last night. He died in room 13. Just think of it—room 13, that unlucky number, that figure around which clusters all the dread ideas which stir the hearts of men who are of a superstitious disposition. He died in agony. Four men were required to hold him as he shook off the coil of mortality and entered into the realm of immortality.

He died not from the effect of his wound. The doctors say that was not fatal. What did he die of? He died from the effects of liquor. This is the truth and it is hard to say it. He was delirious at the last hour. He imagined that two citizens were strangling him, and these two were his friends. "Don't write me up," he said, as he imagined a reporter was by his bedside. "Don't strangle me," he said to another man who would not do such a thing for the world and all it contained.

His heart was true, large and generous. He had friends and loved 'em. He adored the mother that gave him birth. He respected and revered the father that watched over his tender youth. The world was not too big for him, but he died, and died in a manner that neither became his birth, rearing or natural endowments. He died with his reason debilitated and it is a pity. When the news reached home that he attempted to commit suicide everybody was sorry. When the additional news reached home that he would recover, everybody was glad. He was a Protestant, but Rev. John Bigley of Pratt, a Catholic priest, wrote him a letter expressing his joy at his recovery and his hope that he would get well. Ward listened to this letter with tears in his eyes, he treasured it and asked his friends to read it over and over to him. It touched his better nature and tears came to his eyes.

Friday night he grew delirious; he imagined somebody was going to strangle him. He saw strange sights and asked his friends to protect him. He grew worse yesterday morning, and four men had to stay with him nearly all day to hold him in his bed. At 9 o'clock he grew worse and his agony till 9:30 was terrible. He died at that hour in the presence of those who loved him.

It is a pity that a man gifted as he was and with so many golden endowments should die as he did. Everybody is sorry for his loss and everybody who knew him sympathized with his family and friends. The remains will be taken to Pratt this morning for burial.

ANOTHER SANTA CLAUS.

All Children Between 4 and 8 Years of Age to be Provided for.

Mrs. Dr. Boyd has devised a scheme that will embellish her in the memory of scores of little children in this city, and one by which every little boy and girl in the city whom Santa Claus fails to visit will be made happy.

A most beautiful Christmas tree has been placed in the front room of Dr. Boyd's suite, handsomely decorated with wax tapers, candy and gewgaws and baubles of various devices, designs and descriptions. At the base of the tree and surrounding it is a plat of evergreens, on which are displayed candy, apples, and other kinds of fruit done in sugar. To look at this beautiful tree and its load of precious fruit so dear to the childish heart, and to receive a gift of candy and fruit, Mrs. Boyd extends a cordial invitation to children between the ages of four and eight years, to whom Santa Claus did not pay a visit, to call at her residence, 125 North Main street, tomorrow afternoon between 2 and 5 o'clock. A guard of three boys in uniform will be placed, one at each door, to direct the callers. They will be admitted through Dr. Boyd's private office, shown into the room containing the tree, and in passing out through another door, will be presented by three little girls, dressed for the occasion, with a beautiful box of candy and some fruit.

It is a very graceful thing for Mrs. Boyd to do, and no doubt it will cause her as much joy as it will the many little hearts the act will gladden.

Children between four and eight years whom St. Nick has overlooked, must remember the place and the hour.

FASS AND SWEAT.

Everybody is inclined to complain of the weather. It's entirely too warm for Christmas times and its festivities, when closed doors and bright fires are so much enjoyed. Open windows, cold hearts and swelling buds don't go well with Santa Claus and Christmas trees. If it would only snow or even rain or breeze and freeze or do something lively and suggestive of inside cheer. It is the white snowflake that falls to the rhythmic measure of poetry and sleigh-bells that hold the music of love and sentiment for the last days of December. Fans and perspiration are an abomination in the season of frost and plum puddings, while sausage and buckwheat cakes don't digest well beneath a linen coat. What good is there in kissing a girl under the mistletoe with the thermometer 80 degrees in the shade and the sweat ploughing great furrows down through the powder on her cheeks? It's all not the thing and the weather bureau should advise of close for repairs.

SPECIAL MUSIC AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. The latest masterpiece, consisting of George Carle first tenor, Robert S. West second tenor, Harry Dunbar first bass and Harry McClung second bass, will sing the beautiful selection "Lead Kindly Light," by Dudley Buck, for offertory this morning at St. John's Episcopal church